The Milk

(a poem)

It wonders why it’s bottled so,
and sitting in your fridge.
It thought ‘twas meant for hungry calves
not transported o’er a bridge

On journeys far from the farm,
where mother cow abides
bottled up and sent far out
in lengthy, cold truck rides.

One might say that milk is happy
to be so well appreciated
but truth be told, it yearns to help
baby cows be satiated.

O! milk, I am thankful for thee
pouring you makes fine ripples!
But I try not to remember
that you come from fat cow nipples.

Birdtown Comics